HYMN XXIX.

LONG-SUFFERING Of GOD.

I.

ONE hundred feet from off the ground
That noble Aloe blows;
But mark ye by what ſkill profound
His charming grandeur roſe.

One

II.

One hundred years of patient care
The gardners did beſtow
Toil and hereditary pray'r
Made all this glorious ſhow.

III.

Thus man goes on from year to year,
And bears no fruit at all;
But gracious God, ſtill unſevere,
Bids ſhow'rs of bleſſings fall.

IV.

The beams of mercy, dews of grace,
Our Saviour ſtill ſupplies —
Ha! ha! the ſoul regains her place,
And ſweetens all the ſkies.